

# THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THUS WITH A FAITHFUL AIM, HAVE WE PRESUM'D,  
ADVENT'ROUS TO DELINEATE NATURE'S FORM;  
WHETHER IN VAST, MAJESTIC POMP ARRAY'D  
OR DREST FOR PLEASING WONDER, OR SERENE  
IN BEAUTY'S ROSY SMILE. AKENSIDE.

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## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

### FOR THE REPOSITORY.

THERE is nothing from which a refined mind can extract more delight, than in listening to the tale of sensibility. The tear of distress may indeed seem to affect a heart in reality hardened to the sufferings of innocence, but it cannot participate in those warm pleasures of the mind, resulting from a sympathy inherent from nature, and grown strong by long practice of benevolence.

The goodness of Providence, does in no instance appear so manifest, as in the exercise of actions tending to meliorate the condition of our fellow beings: those very sorrows we feel for the wretchedness of their situation, produce a mournful joy, which each anxious moment seeks to renew, and as the earth after having received the waters, displays the glowing colours of vegetation, so benevolence, when its bounties have operated, exhibits to our view new scenes of happiness. Some time since, a friend of mine, put into my hands, a correspondence (which came into his possession by favour of marriage) between two females, wherein these sensations never were more happily realised. I often attempted to relate the occurrences, but could not do ample justice to the parties without publishing the original letters. It was not until the decease of Mrs. ——— that I could obtain this permission, but the satisfaction it now affords me, to make known such extraordinary examples of excellence and affliction, more than compensate for the impatience which the delay occasioned.

It was in the spring of 1795, at a boarding school in Philadelphia, that the two young ladies first became intimate; one of them was about retiring at the summons of her parents, to New York, when her companion was commencing the noviciate. Their dispositions so nearly assimilated, that a few weeks were sufficient to cement a friendship, which was not dissolved but by death.

We owe the whole of the following relation to a mutual promise of epistolary communication, made previous to separation.

PHILANDER.

New York, May 17th, 1795.

My dear Eliza,

I arrived at this place last evening, after a journey pleasant as continued rain, and a crowded stage could make it. The darkness

prevented me, at first, from distinguishing the quality of my stage-companions, and I was, of course, obliged to suspend my curiosity (which is said to be a very difficult matter with our sex) until morning began to dawn. I was surprised to observe in a place so confined, and containing so many persons, such profound silence; but in a little while discovered the cause: each seemed waiting for his neighbour to speak, or at least to survey countenances; for when the light served us for this latter purpose, a middle aged gentleman remarked, that the rain had entered his coat pocket, in which was contained some cheese and buiscuit, and, added he, rather dejectedly, "I fondly hoped, they would have served me to interdict the trespass of hunger." A corpulent old man, after gazing from side to side, with much consequence, gave rise to some discussion, by repeating with a loud voice, "why sir don't you know that "whatever is, is right." "What! that my food should be soaked in this way; no, no sir, I believe such a presentment contrary to the indictment of our nature; do you imagine, that when a man is in the habit of committing crimes, that *they* would be right, and that for him to retreat from law would be justice?" The old gentleman was about to reply, but was prevented by a young woman, of a ruddy complexion, seemingly of the country, and who, when the attorney (for so I discovered him to be) was speaking, appeared to sit very uneasy. "To be sure," said she, "people would say it was right for me to marry that *there* man, [pointing to him at a short distance from her] but thinks I, it won't do, so I told the parson, when he cum to coax me agin, that he might go on till he was right down mad, and I would'nt have him. Yet would you believe it: next time he got Johnny and me together, and made matters so as to make us man and wife off hand; but he had to give me a silk short-gown and two linsey petticoats into the bargain." Before she had concluded this last word, the husband began to palliate himself, and disavowed being unfit for the most bouncing lass in his villiage, and that it was only for the sake of "a little fun," he undertook to wed. He would have continued, but his wife was grown impatient. "I will talk in spite of you, I'll tell all about it: so then you see gentlemen, after I was tied to him, he cum up to me, and says he, now Kate, since we are as one, I would'nt have you to be every day scolding like Old Harry, and making such a rumpus as you do, when farmer Grum's pigs get among the potatoes.

Hang it, says I, its bad enough for one to look at you, let alone being kept under in that way." Where she would have ended cannot be said, had we not been called to take some refreshment. Fortunately I had escaped observation, until, when alighting with the rest, the old man I before mentioned, abruptly threw a huge cloak over my back, observing, that nervous diseases were so frequently taken from rain, that he trembled for my health in passing to the inn. Returning the cloak and giving thanks for his politeness, I bid him be under no apprehensions for my safety, as the distance we had to walk was too small to be the consequence of any serious injury. When about entering the door, a slight tap on the shoulder, announced a visitor, and on turning round, I recognized the attorney, who in a low voice, said: "madam, have you not a mind to eject the old rogue who so rudely insulted you just now? I was an evidence, that he committed assault and battery to an alarming degree, and my life for it, you can obtain, *with genteel assistance*, very heavy damages." Unwilling to provoke further discourse by a direct denial, I answered, that the old gentleman's intentions, appeared the best; but it if it should hereafter appear, that he had been guilty of improprieties, every measure of defence would be necessary. "But madam," he replied, "justice to yourself, and respect for the state, imperiously demand, full satisfaction for so gross an outrage, and be assured, the one who advises it, is no common personage: the law, madam, is a science, which not only embraces all knowledge, but elevates its professors far above any thing that ordinary capacities can conceive. I leave you, however, to reflect well upon the magnitude of the crime in question; and when you come to a determination, do not forget to prefer the accusation to one, whose only views are to serve, and promote your welfare.

Can you pardon me for this account of my coach adventures? But in truth I have nothing else to tell you, and the desire to be saying something, overcomes every other consideration. Do not, my dear girl, be offend with those trifling occurrences, for you know my propensity to be dwelling upon the conduct of others; and you will say with me, that to imitate what is noble, and condemn that which is not so, most frequently arise from witnessing the triumph of rectitude, as well the failings to which improper deportment is subjected. While thus endeavouring to frame an excuse, I am not free from



a doubt of impropriety, in proclaiming the follies of others, though most people are prone so to do: there is something in it so illiberal, so inconsistent with the duty of reciprocal respect, which all should be bound to obey, that nothing short of compulsion ought to influence us in giving it a hearing. But you are not ignorant, that before this can be accomplished, an unsurmountable barrier remains to be overcome: I mean that moving, that darling principle—self preference. Indeed it is the source of almost every detraction. They who do not deserve applause, seek it, by striving to make the possessors of merit appear less than themselves. Should any pre-eminent qualities be assigned to one, such people artfully introduce failings to counterbalance them; or if we admire our neighbour for hospitality, they invidiously attribute his goodness to vanity, or some other sinister design. Tell me, is there something in our nature which induces us to look with an evil eye upon the prosperity of those around us? But no, let us not for a moment, suppose we are such insignificant beings. Infinite Wisdom, never could have endued us with reason, to let the beams of felicity bestowed on some, be the harbinger of envy and hate in others. It is the unrestrained gratification of passion, that usurps all the finer feelings of the soul; it is this which fosters the cankered monster known by the name of sel-love, which teaches us to substitute our own desires, at the expence of another's welfare—to heap superfluities where plenty reigns—to fortify the heart against the cravings of poverty, and to drown the supplications of the unfortunate oppressed.

Those only who practice kind offices can know the comforts resulting from them. Had I not known this truth enforced, I should have been led to conclude, that social affections were altogether imaginary. But a little more experience, told me, such an opinion, could only be formed by people who had never seen the effects, or felt the sensations of virtuous acts, or who were callous to any emotions of tenderness and pity.

Have I not beheld the countenance of Mr.—— glow with inexpressible delight, whenever an occasion of beneficence offered? How animated—how cheerful, nay, how every celestial joy shone in him, when he had dried the tears of the widow and fatherless; when he saved the impoverished from an early grave, and left the wretched mendicant calling innumerable blessings upon his head; who at these moments could witness the mild satisfaction that seemed to lift him above this earthly sphere, and not harbour a wish to imitate him. Yes Eliza, these were times the remembrance of which shall not be surrendered until the knell of death murmurs its last awful command—till this vital frame can support a thought, no other shall be preferred, but that whispering the name of him who seems born to stem the waters of affliction.

If to speak upon a topic, so congenial as the above is to me, should be pardonable, then I shall happily not incur your blame; but on former occasions, you cannot forget

the difficulty to repress my sentiments on the same subject.

Shall I return to the inn, and inform you of our conversation at table? But I am at present in a very serious humour; besides, nothing very extraordinary occurred: more attention was paid in satiating appetite than to any thing else, for it was not until some respite was given to it, that our taciturnity was dissolved. If you are not already tired of what has been related, I may, at a future time, inform you of the remaining occurrences before my arrival here. Till then, Adieu.

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(To be continued.)

#### FOR THE REPOSITORY.

Condit opes alius, defessoque in cubat aro.  
VIRG.

AS various as the pursuits of mankind are, they principally tend to one end: the acquirement of opulence. The merchant in his counting-room planning voyages to the most distant parts of the navigable world; or the labourer at his daily labour are governed by a desire of being wealthy. Their dispositions, however, differ materially. Sometimes the man whose hard-earned pittance will scarcely enable him to bear up, under the weight and pressure of poverty, possesses a heart alive to human misery, while he who has realized an immense fortune, thinks but of himself, and is entirely insensible to the woes of his neighbour. The man, who never felt the pinching hand of poverty, knows not what it is to feel an extreme of want. There are some people who are naturally selfish, and if fortunate in their concerns are strengthened in the want of a generous sensibility. Their cares extend to nothing but what gratifies their own desires, and their wishes always to the avoiding of such objects of charity, to whom but for the mere appearance of humanity they would be obliged reluctantly to grant. The accumulation of riches becomes the sole object of their exertions, for this even the midnight hour is chosen, to make arrangements for the coming day. How disgustingly sordid, how selfishly contracted! There is no desire which can more enslave the soul than this, no disposition more capable of debasing human nature. The irrational part of the creation cease their search for the gratification of hunger, when satiated; but man the noblest work of the Almighty's wisdom, knows not when he has enough. The idea of his being only a sojourner in this life appears never to engage his attention, and he seems to fancy that he can live forever.—He who would remind him of death, becomes a malignant disturber of his happiness. How incapable is such a being of enjoying substantial pleasure, and how awfully painful will be once the scene which will close the great drama of his life. Generous benevolence creates in the breast the most agreeable and durable of all sensations, when directed to the alleviation of human sorrows, and the recollection of its hav-

ing been laudably exerted will not escape in the latest moments of life—it keeps open a source of pleasure superior to every terrestrial consideration.

I would not be understood to throw out any insinuation in opposition to industry; for the want of it were as culpable as the disposition of which I complain. Indolence enervates and destroys the faculties of the mind, and contracts many abominable vices which lead to destruction. What can be more slovenly than a person sauntering away his time in trifling empty amusements, what more scandalous and depraved than to see him in the continued riot and debauching of tavern loungers, when he might be making provisions for a comfortable old age, or cultivating his mind in acquiring useful and polite literature? The verdant summer of youth is soon succeeded by the hoary stern winter of age, then alas! where can either mind or body find relief? A consequent dependence on the liberality, humanity and commiseration of the public takes place which might have been avoided by an opposite course of conduct. On this subject it may not be amiss to publish a letter, which I received from a correspondent, who, however, seems to have recovered from an extremity of depravity, into which he was precipitated gradually by habits of indolence, acquired from an intimacy with others of the same character.

White Row, January 14th, 1803.

Sir,

This letter will no doubt, command your attention, and give you satisfaction. To a man who delights in the happiness of his fellow men, it must be particularly pleasing to hear of a reformation from vice to a conviction of the horrors it occasions. It is only too well known to you what depravity lately stamped my character, what scenes (at which I now shudder) I was in the habit of appearing in. How often did I treat your friendly advice with the coldness of contempt, and thought it an insult to be told that on many occasions I would not be master of myself! The causes of my unhappy situation, are too notorious to you that I should mention them; but as you may perhaps wish to make them known for the benefit of others, whom opportunities might unfortunately throw into a similar condition. I will only observe: that I first ventured with a few of my friends to public places of entertainment. Thinking myself perfectly guarded against temptations, and supposing that refusals to attend them would be attributed to very different motives, than actuated me at the moment; I imagined there was no impropriety whatever in passing a part of my time at a tavern, there only to be a spectator at the billiard table; I ventured at the game though not with a view to lucre, as then I thought it could be justified. This opinion I gradually abandoned, and became a professed player. By such and many other practices, I became attached to immoderate drinking, and acquired a habit of indolence which had almost unfitted me for any busi-



ness. My character sustained an injury, and my *real* friends beheld me as an object of abhorrence.—It was some time after my resolution to alter my course of conduct, that I could reconcile myself to my ordinary business, to which I shall now attend under the firmest impression of mind, that sobriety and industry are productive of happiness, and close with my favourite Thomson :

All is the gift of industry ; whate'er  
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life  
Delightful.

I am Sir,  
yours.

Information like this, is peculiarly pleasing, as it is very seldom that there is a sufficient strength of resolution to shake off those habits of idleness and dissipation, which are by degrees contracted in the manner represented by my apparently reformed correspondent.

I received another letter, informing me of the conduct of a man, whose disposition leads him into an opposite extreme. He is now excessively wealthy and still torments himself day and night, in endeavouring to add to his fortune. He is getting too so avaricious that he is uneasy when he is obliged to provide for his family ; and fancies that if his expences go on in the manner they have all along, he must certainly be reduced to poverty.—He imagines his money to be no where now safe, than in his own possession, and consequently keeps his coffers under his bed, where as he sleeps little he thinks it most safe. When waited on for any charitable donation, he immediately sends an apology in the dearthness of the times, the general want of money, or the great expences of a family. In this manner the old man is filling his coffers for those who perhaps, are every day praying for his happy exit from this stage of life ; or whether or not, if they only inherit the fruits of his sordid exertions. How infinitely poor are such beings, in being surrounded by wealth ! and of what sublime pleasure are they deprived by the avaricious narrowness of their hearts ! To visit the haunts of misery and wretchedness, and relieve the extremest necessities of human nature : what delightful sensations to a generous mind ! what calm serene pleasure when on the pillow of rest !

I will close this paper with a few observations of "Fielding." The more experience we have of the world, the more that experience should show us how little is in the power of riches : for what indeed truly desirable, can they bestow upon us ? Can they give beauty to the deformed, strength to the weak, or health to the infirm ? Surely if they could, we should not see so many ill-favoured faces, haunting the assemblies of the great, nor would such numbers of feeble wretches languish in their coaches and palaces. Can they prolong their own possession, or lengthen his days that enjoys them ? So far otherwise, that the sloth, the luxury, the care which attend them, shorten the lives of millions, and bring them with pain and misery to an untimely grave. Where then is their

value, if they can neither embellish, nor strengthen our forms, sweeten or prolong our lives ? Again : can they adorn the mind more than the body ? Do they not rather swell the heart with vanity, puff up the cheeks with pride, shut our ears to every call of virtue, and our bowels to every motive of compassion.

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#### MISCELLANY.

##### THE HARP AND DICE.

ALTHOUGH refinement has of late polished our social intercourse with many graces, yet foreigners have unanimously censured the inelegance and dullness of our ordinary society. Our women are insipid and silent, and our men monotonous politicians, or inveterate whist-players. In the tone of our conversation there is no versatility ; in its subject there is no taste. Whenever it shall not be deemed pedantry to make the fine arts the objects of our serious conversation ; whenever it shall become fashionable to render our colloquial ideas the language of criticism ; and whenever the collision of splendid minds shall reflect their lustre in domestic circles ; a Grecian amenity will adorn our national character, and diffuse its elegance even in a village neighbourhood.

It was a custom among the ancients, at their entertainments to have a harp carried around the table, and presented to every guest, which if any one refused, out of ignorance or unskilfulness, he was considered as illiterate or ill-bred. Pindar, in one of his odes alludes to this custom :

Nor doth his skilful hand refuse  
Acquaintance with the tuneful muse,  
When round the mirthful board the harp is  
borne. WEST.

P. du Halde, in his history of China, furnishes us with an extract from a Chinese author, who inveighing against such who neglect their studies, adds, "These persons are most at a loss at the conclusion of a banquet. The plate and dice go round, that the number of little verses which every one ought to pronounce may be determined by chance. When it comes to their turn they appear quite stupid."

There is a singular similarity in both these customs ; and were they introduced into our country, might awaken many of our associates from their drowsiness, or occasion some to protest loudly against the use of the poetical dice, and the melodious instruments.

##### DEATH.

I shall throw together a few collections on this curious and solemn subject.

What a forcible epitaph an Arabian poet composed to have inscribed on his tomb :

"*This crime did my father commit against me ; but I have not committed the same against any !*"

The poetess Sappho imagines, that "to die, is an evil ; the gods have so determined it ; or else they would die themselves."

Cicero, in his treatise on Old Age, declares, that if the gods offered to replace him once more in the cradle, he would reject the offer ; for that life has nothing to recommend it.

Sir William Temple says, with easy elegance, that "human life is at the greatest and the best but like a froward child, that must be played with, and humoured a little, to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over."

La Mothe le Vayer is an eminent instance of the small portion of happiness we taste in this life. To the eye of the world this learned man appeared encircled by felicity ; but, he says, "life alone seems to me a thing so indifferent, to say nothing more to its disadvantage, that I am so far from ever desiring to run the race again, that I would not exchange the few unhappy days which remain to me in so advanced an age as mine, for the many years which a great number of young people, whose pleasures I know, promise themselves. I could swear to the truth of this, as well as Cardan, whose words I quote, rather for their good sense than their elegance—They were to this purport—By God ! I would not exchange my little fortune, even in my old age, with the richest young man who has no experience."

Bayle has reasoned on this declaration of La Mothe le Vayer, with his accustomed sagacity. He enumerates the numerous enjoyments of this scholar, who even in an advanced period of life retained all the vigour of his mental and corporeal faculties. He married at above seventy, the daughter of an ambassador, and his wife was no shrew. He published several works after his marriage, and they gave no marks of dotage. He was honoured by the French nation, and liberally pensioned by the court. He had titles and employments. His multifarious works sold well. What therefore could be wanting in this rich amount of human felicity to complete the happiness of Le Vayer ?

It is a curious conjecture of Bayle, that as he indulged some warm passions in his youth, and became only a philosopher through a mere effort of fortitude, he felt within himself a painful struggle between appetite and abstinence. It is not indeed more difficult to return to wisdom, than never to have deviated from it ?

##### SUICIDE.

Suicide is not allowable to a moral agent. No apology can possibly be framed for this crime ; but the causes of suicide are apparently the following ones : Diderot has ingeniously deduced them in his life of Seneca—"If the operations of government precipitate into sudden misery a great number of its subjects, be assured we shall have numerous suicides. Men will often seek a voluntary death, whenever the abuse of enjoyment leads to a listless and languid state of the body ; whenever luxury and relaxed morals render labour more terrible than death ; whenever a lugubrious superstition and a gloomy climate concur to produce melancholy habits and opinions, half theological and



half philosophical, inspiring an equal contempt of life and death."

If ever suicide can be allowed, it can only be by first obtaining the consent of the society of which we are members. Valerius Maximus tells us, that at Marseilles, the Magistrates preserved a powerful poison, which only they were permitted to use, who in their memorials offered good reasons for wishing to get rid of their lives—It therefore appears, that none could kill themselves unless they had permission of the government; and if the citizens of Marseilles who wished to become suicides, really obeyed this singular injunction, they certainly were men who most merited life, and the consolations of life.

#### LONGEVITY.

A FEW years ago, Dr. A. Forthergill collected many instances of uncommon longevity, in addition to those which had been given by Mr. Whitehurst, in his "Enquiry into the original State and Formation of the Earth," and communicated the same, with some general observations on longevity, to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. He did not, however, produce accounts of more than fifty persons exceeding *one hundred years of age*, though, if the public prints and periodical publications, from which many of his instances are taken, are held to be sufficient authority, the list might easily have been greatly enlarged. I have, at different times, collected accounts of this kind, which, at present, from a list of 107 persons, who are recorded to have died at the age of *one hundred and twenty years* and upwards; and though such great ages may appear too far beyond the usual term of life to afford many useful inferences, they are not unworthy of some attention, particularly as they appear to confirm the observations of others upon this subject. It is difficult, and in many cases impossible, to ascertain the truth of accounts of this nature, and it must be allowed very probable that some instances are exaggerated; but I believe the majority of those I have selected are not very erroneous, and there can be little reason to doubt that the age of every individual in the list, at least considerably exceeded a century. Of these 107 persons, two attained the age of 150 years, three to 152, one to 154, one to 169, and one is said to have lived to upwards of 175: the consideration of such examples of great longevity has induced Dr. Hufeland, in his work lately published, on the Art of prolonging Human Life, to set down the possible duration of life at 200 years.

That longevity depends principally on conformity of conduct to the laws of nature, appears an indisputable fact; but from all the observations that have been made, it likewise appears, that there are other circumstances which have considerable influence; of these, perhaps the most certain, is descent from long-lived ancestors. Dr. Rush, observes, that he hath not found a single instance of a person who had lived to be 80 years old, of whom his was not the case, and the accounts I have met with strongly confirm this

observation. The climate of some countries has also been supposed to be more favourable to longevity than others; thus Mr. Whitehurst asserted that Englishmen in general were longer lived than North Americans, and Mr. W. Barton has since endeavoured to prove the contrary; of these two opinions, the above accounts would appear in favour of the former, no less than 78 persons out of the 107 being inhabitants of Great Britain or Ireland; but whatever inferences of this kind national partiality may attempt to support, more extensive observations will, in general, confirm the conclusion; that although longevity evidently prevails more in certain districts than in others, and those regions which lie within the temperate zones, are best adapted to promote long life; yet it is by no means confined to any particular nation or climate. Crowded cities, and swampy situations, are, however, well known to be unfavourable to longevity in any country.

Of the 107 instances of great longevity, only thirty are females, which is quite contrary to what might have been expected from the general opinion of males being more short-lived than females. In 1763, there were found in Sweden 988 females above 90 years of age, and only 527 males; and in almost every place where accounts have been taken, the number of females in the advanced stages of life has been found considerably greater than that of males: this difference in the duration of life between males and females has appeared great enough to induce the most able writer on the subject of Life Annuities, to calculate separate tables of the value of male and female lives, in which the latter uniformly are found to exceed the former; this writer also states his opinion that the circumstance of males being more short-lived than females, though arising partly from the peculiar hazards to which men are subject, "is owing principally to some particular delicacy in the male constitution, which renders it less durable." I am not inclined to doubt the truth of an opinion which appears warranted by numerous and unexceptionable facts; but it is difficult to account for more instances of great longevity being found among males, when it appears that in the latter stages of the usual term of life, the expectation of males is less than that of females.

#### SAGACITY.

In some countries, we are told, elephants supply the place of executioners. They are trained, at a given signal, to lay hold of the criminal with their trunks, by a strong suction; and either dash him violently against the ground, or toss him aloft in the air, until repeated contusions put a period to his life. Mankind are very prone to value themselves on their supposed civilization; and yet, by artful practising on the ferocity of inferior animals, they sometimes teach brutes themselves to be still more brutal.

Clumsey as elephants are, they may be taught to dance, both single and in companies; and they move, on these occasions,

with singular exactness and order. They are not insensible to the harmony of music: and if properly inured, keep time with their feet, in a manner which discovers great powers of judgment. If I rightly remember, bishop Burnet informs us, in his travels, that he saw an elephant play at ball, with all the ease and expertness of a man. But Plutarch, in his life of Pyrrhus, mentions a much nobler instance of elephantine understanding and adroitness: accompanied by such magnanimous courage and fidelity, as would have redounded to the honour of a Sertorius, or of an Alexander. When Pyrrhus stormed the town of Argos, a number of accoutred elephants, according to the customs of those times, formed a part of his military apparatus. One of these creatures, perceiving that his rider was fallen, invited him, by every effort in his power, to remount. But finding soon after, that he, (*viz.* the rider) was dead of the wounds he had received; the animal, in a transport of grief and rage, rushed furiously on friends and foes, without distinction: and, taking up the body with his trunk, made good his retreat, and rescued the remains of his breathless master from further violation, by faithfully and heroically conveying them from the scene of action.

#### SCOLDING.

It is commonly supposed, and, indeed, has often been asserted, that this disorder is peculiar to one only of the sexes; and, I trust, I need not add, what sex that is. But although it may be true that they are most liable to it, yet it is certain, from a theory laid down respecting the pre-disposing causes, that the men are equally in danger. Why then do we not find as many males afflicted with scolding as we do females? For this plain reason;—that scolding, without doubt is the effect of a certain noxious matter pent up. Now this matter engenders in men, as well as in women; but the latter have not the frequent opportunities for discharging it, which the men enjoy. Women are, by fashion and certain confined modes of life, restrained from all those public companies, clubs, assemblies, coffee-houses, &c. &c. where the men have a continual opportunity of discharging the cause of the disorder, without its ever accumulating in so great a quantity as to produce many dangerous consequences. This, and this only, is the cause why the disease appears most often in the female sex. I would propose, therefore, if I were a legislator, or if I had influence enough to set a fashion, that the ladies should, in all respects, imitate the societies of the men; that they should have their clubs, their coffee-houses, disputing societies, and even their parliament. In such places, they would be able to take that species of exercise that tends to keep down the disorder, which at present accumulates in confinement, and, when nature attempts a discharge, the explosion is attended with violence and irregularity.

Cure. Take of common sense, thirty grains, Decent behaviour, one scruple, Due consideration, ten grains. Mix, and sprinkle the whole with one moment's thought to be taken as soon as any of the causes appear.



## EUGENIO.

*(Continued from p. 37.)*

EUGENIO proceeded, as well as I can recollect, with the assistance of my memorandums, in the following terms: "I am the only son of virtuous parents, and who, if more need be said, were both of gentle blood. My father bore arms at a very young age, served his country in many campaigns, and was as those report who have followed his fortunes, a truly gallant soldier. Whether it was from reading, or a natural elevation of mind, I know not; but it was his misfortune to have imbibed a certain enthusiasm of honour and grandeur of sentiment, which proved a great interruption to his happiness during the whole course of his life. My father had a soul for great actions: he was the hero in the field, but he was also too much the hero in common life; and as Socrates is said to have brought down philosophy from the skies, so it seemed an ambition of my father's to force into the most ordinary concerns in which he was engaged, those erect principles of justice, and those sentiments of heroic disinterestedness, which, though in the main they certainly should form the great rule of our actions, yet can never be rendered universally applicable in the petty commerce of society. I use the past tense in speaking of my father, not because I know that he is dead—to be assured of that, would remove from my mind a heavy load of anxiety—but because I fear I have lost him forever; and my busy sorrow is ever presenting him to my thoughts in a state much worse than death—a state unworthy of his birth and his feelings, and ill accommodated to his age and infirmities. In short, Sir, after having lost him for one twelvemonth, without knowing whether he was fled, I heard only a week ago, that during all this interval he had served as a common soldier in the army of Prince Ferdinand. But I will not anticipate the events of my story; I fear they will interest you but little, with every advantage of relation."

"In the year 1735, my father, then a youth, and burning to distinguish himself in the field, fought under the Imperialists, at that time at war with the French. In a fierce encounter, an Austrian Captain was slain by his side, a gentleman of great merit, and whose friendship and courage had, on a former occasion, saved my poor father from the bayonet's point. His comrade and friend fell upon his bosom, and had just time to intreat him to make a transfer of that affection which had so long been his pride and happiness, to a helpless orphan he was leaving behind him. In his sorrow for his departed friend, my father found comfort in thinking that still the opportunity was left him of evincing his gratitude towards him, and of honouring his memory by better testimonies than unavailing tears. Touched with the destitute situation of the daughter, his pity was soon succeeded by a warmer sentiment, which the gentle sorrow, and the amiable qualities of the young lady, strengthened and matured. In short, he fulfilled his engagements, by marrying her as soon as the peace was concluded between the belligerent pow-

ers. In a few months after they came to England, and took those little premises in Shropshire, where they have lived ever since. I was born in about three years after this marriage, and destined, alas! to succeed to all my father's pride, and all his mortifications; to all his exaltation of spirit, and all his depression of circumstances.

"The narrowness of their income, and still more, my father's jealous eagerness to inspire no sentiments into my mind but his own, determined them to take my education upon themselves, every essential part of which they were between them well qualified to conduct, except that in which worldly wisdom was concerned, and the interests of my future fortunes. As myself and a sister were their only charge, the duty they had imposed upon themselves was not more than they could fulfil with ease and delight: and my father has often assured me, that the ten years which succeeded his marriage, were a counter-balance to the fatigues and sufferings of his whole life.

"He had married a woman of no personal accomplishments; but Providence had rewarded his pious regard to the memory of his friend, by giving her a soul great like his own, and full of the most exalted notions of justice, purity, and benevolence. Her German ancestors were noble, and a tincture of national haughtiness had formerly discoloured her sentiments: but as their union was more a marriage of the mind than of the person, their constant communication and mutual respect softened down the pride of my mother's bosom, to the same temper with that which informed my father's, and effected a perfect congeniality in the principles on which they were founded. Strengthened by his reasons, animated by his example, and assisted by the force of her own understanding, she was soon persuaded of the folly and fragility of that pride which has no sources to draw from but human prejudices and self-flattery, and discerned the broad partition that separates dignity from disdain, and grandeur of soul from pride of circumstance.

"In the year 1745, when I was entering on my tenth year, my father followed the Royal Duke into the Netherlands, and left me to the sole care and tuition of my mother, who, though not wanting in female sensibility or maternal softness, was yet so well acquainted with the duties and the ornaments of my sex, that every endeavour was made to build up that masculine structure of thought and habit, of which my father had laid the foundation in my mind; and as the warmth and sensibility of female bosoms rarely suffer them to be moderate in a cause in which their interests or affections are engaged, she carried this principle as far as it would bear, and perhaps a little beyond the scope of its meaning and application.

"The histories of great men and great times were the constant objects of my study; and those pages were pointed out for my particular attention, wherein deeds of heroism abroad, or acts of patriotism at home, were recited; and I consider the sequel of my life as a comment on a passage in an an-

cient writer, which casts a just reproach on the general tendency of education, to hold up rules rather for the extraordinary, than the ordinary occasions of life. All my playthings were martial; guns, trumpets, swords, and helmets, were lavished upon me; and every day I was so busy in plying my batteries, in bombarding and cannonading, that my little heart was exalted almost to madness, and the horn of battle was always blowing in my ears.

"I am ashamed, my good Sir, to trouble you with this petty detail: but as the period of life we are now considering, though of little importance in itself, borrows a great deal from the influence it has on the years of maturity; and as it may, perhaps, in some degree apologise for the singular and unaccommodating cast of my mind; I cannot refuse myself the liberty of relating an anecdote of my infancy, which I still remember with feelings in which pleasure and pain are somewhat whimsically blended.

"I had just completed the extravagant though bewitching memoirs of Charles XII. of Sweden, and the roar of bombs and cannons were still sounding in my ears, when a letter from my father brought us an account of the defeat at Fontenoy, acquainting us at the same time, that he was then in garrison at Ostend, and in hourly expectation of the enemy. Here my ardent imagination figured to me all the horrors of a siege, and I resolved to sympathise with the supposed sufferings of my father. I chose a spot in a meadow about a mile distant from our house, where I laboured incessantly for a week, in raising ramparts, and digging trenches, to represent the fortifications at Ostend; as soon as they were completed, I prevailed upon the son of a gardener in our neighbourhood, a boy about my own age, to carry on the siege, while I shut myself up within my works, resolving to hold out to the last, having previously frightened the besieger into secrecy, by threatening, in case of treachery, to lay waste his father's cauliflowers, and put all I should find to the sword. We kept up this mockery through half the day, when suddenly the operations of the enemy ceased altogether; whether the vigour and impetuosity of my frequent sallies had driven him off, or hunger, a more powerful assailant, had forced him from the field. I gloried, however, in neglecting the calls of hunger; and imagining myself blockaded, I resolved to try how long I could hold out in such a situation. I kept within my fortifications with great obstinacy till late in the evening, when beginning to find that the contest with nature could no longer be maintained, I determined not to surrender to the besiegers; but snatching the standard which I had fixed on the ramparts, with one hand, and grasping my sword in the other, I rushed out at a breach that was made in one of the ravelins; and fancying myself in the pursuit of the enemy, I ran to our garden wall, where I fell, overcome with weariness and hunger. Here I lay for some time, with my sword and standard still in my hands, and probably should have died on the field of honour, if one of my father's labourers, who



happened to pass by, had not picked me up, and conveyed me to my mother.

"As soon as she was made acquainted with the whole transaction, she was delighted with this testimony to the force of her instruction; made me a present of a new sword, and promised me to persuade my father to make me a colonel as soon as he returned. She kept, however, a more watchful eye over my proceedings in future, and confined my operations within our garden wall. The Pretender's invasion, which took place soon after, so agitated my mind, that I was very near losing my senses; and my mother began to repine at the extraordinary success of her methods of education, and used her best efforts to bring this luxuriance of mind within the bounds of reason.

"After the victory of Culloden, my father returned, covered with honour, and wounded in the service; but, alas! his circumstances were lower than ever: for his own illnesses, and his compassion for others, had rendered these late campaigns more than ordinarily expensive. The tender and endearing reception, however, which he found at home, banished every subject of regret from his mind; and he sat down, as he then thought, to enjoy for a length of time the solace of domestic tranquility.

"The Quixotic mania with which I was possessed, could not but be displeasing to a man of his sense; it was very wide of that character which it had been his object to form. He had but little, however, to combat with, in convincing my mother of her mistake: she had already begun to perceive it, and her mind was too great to scruple confession. Soft and gradual means were used to let me down gently from the heights to which I had been raised; and as I now had the rank of colonel in my own eyes, especial care was taken not to wound the honour which I conceived to be attached to my situation. By their judicious management I was weaned a good deal from my military enthusiasm; but, as you will see in the sequel, the impression has never been thoroughly effaced.

"My father had resolved on his return home, to sell out of the army, and enjoy the repose which he had earned; but as soon as he was perfectly cured of his wounds, his ardour of mind returned with his health, and all his sedentary projects disappeared. In the autumn of 1746, he followed Sir John Ligonier to the Dutch Netherlands, and was wounded in three places at the battle of Roucoux. He returned home in a very wretched and emaciated state, to the great affliction of my poor mother, to whose unexampled care he again owed his recovery, which however was not completed under full four years, during which time he was confined to his apartment in a state of extreme lameness and debility.

"I shall now pass over a lapse of seven years, which were chequered by no incidents worth relating; except it may be proper to mention that in this interval my father, surrendered to the impression of sickness, grew gradually sedate and tranquil in his deportment and sentiments, and lost in great part

his predilection for the military life. So great, indeed, was the change which time and circumstances had wrought in his mind, that when I reached my eighteenth year, instead of realizing the splendid visions of my childhood, he sent me to college in the year 1755, to accomplish myself for holy orders. But before two months had expired, I was heartily weary with the forms and institutions, as well as with the manners and usages of the place.

"My ideas had been accustomed to expatiate over a wide scene of action, in which every thing that was vast and unbounded in human enterprise, or elevated in human character, was ever moving before my fancy, in which a shade was cast over vulgar wants and vulgar interests, and in which that middle order of men among whom I was now to take my place, was seen at a confused distance, or lost in the surrounding blaze. The inactive pomp, the inglorious ease, the narrow range, and the petty politics of a college life, were ill calculated to arrest a mind like mine which had taken flight, at ten years of age, into regions of visionary perfection, and whose aspiring humour had already taught it contempt, not only for the common amusements of infancy, but for the common playthings of maturity.

"Alas! Sir, since those days my wings have been clipped: they were severely shorn at my first entrance into those real scenes of which my young fancy had imaged such delusive representations. At first I fluttered like a young eagle imprisoned in a cage, whose privilege it was once to sit on the summit of a rock, in the broad blaze of the sun and contemplate the immensity before it, as filled with objects of enterprise—as the scene of prowess and adventure. But though I never could accommodate myself to my cage, I ceased to make those ineffectual struggles which would only serve to cover me with ridicule, and sink me in my own esteem; and, if I was not happy, I was at least apparently composed, and took some care that, at this introductory stage of my life, my singularity should not be insulting, or my silence austere.

"What principally fostered my aversion to college was doubtless the very circumscribed state of my finances, which soon taught me to measure the distance at which poverty throws us from our social dues—from a just participation in the courtesies and amenities of life. It is, however, its high privilege and consolation to be secure from the seductions of flattery, to see before it the unvarnished side of human nature, and to view the native forms of Virtue and Vice in their genuine light.

(To be continued.)

#### BIOGRAPHY.

(Continued from page 38.)

WHEREFORE it follows, that as the special collections of the fine powder become so many suns, so those of the coarse are to be planets, comets, &c.

These planets, being set a-drift in the first half or division of the globulous matter, roll on with a decreasing velocity from the first of them, which is called *Mercury*, to the last,

entitled *Saturn*. The opacous bodies, that are launched into the second half or division, bear away to the neighbouring tourbillons, while other substances of the same kind shoot from the latter into ours, and steer away directly towards the sun.

The same coarse or massive powder that has furnished us with an earth, with planets, &c. does arrange and mould itself, obediently to the all-disposing power of motion, into other forms, and supplies us with water, with an atmosphere, with air, with metals, precious stones, animals, and plants; in a word, with all things, the general, the particular, the organical, and the not so, which we behold in this world.

There are several other parts of Des Cartes' philosophical fabric, about which we shall enter into no enquiry here; because these we have seen already are sufficient to prove its incongruity with the principles of reason; and to the intellectual eye of mere common sense such a system must for ever appear to be totally inadmissible.

1. It is very extraordinary to hear Des Cartes declare, that the Deity cannot create, and approximate one to the other, certain angular bodies, without having wherewithal to fill up exactly the interstitial voids among those angles. How presumptuous is it in a mortal to set limits to Omnipotence!

2. But granting even that he could know precisely the reason why the Deity is so averse from permitting a vacuity, and that he could reconcile the freedom necessary for motion with an absolute plenitude in space, (which latter's being unavoidable he could even demonstrate) the point where we mean to stop him, is when he declares that a vacuum is impossible in nature: which appears not strictly true according to his own supposition; for to fill up those interstitial voids, which he mentions, his imaginary powders must have been readily prepared, and in every possible shape for their commodiously sliding into those open intervals. But unluckily a certain length of time was necessary for making those powders. The globules could not have been all rounded in one and the same instant of time: the larger corners were the first broken, and after them the smaller.

Thus by the force of friction we may collect from our pulverised parcels of matter a sufficiency to fill up what intervals we please. But then this pulverisation is not co-instantaneously, but successively made; because at the first moment of the Deity's putting those parcels of primordial matter into movement, the powder was not formed. The Deity having made angles to project from these parcels, away they set to skirmishing immediately to break each other off; yet, before these fractures could have been effected, behold there had been among the angles interstitial voids without an end, and no matter was provided to fill them up.

3. According to Des Cartes' doctrine, light is a mass of little globes that immediately touch each other, so that a suite of these globes cannot be touched at one end without the impression being felt at the other in the same instant, as it happens to a stick, or a suite of cannon-balls.



Messieurs Roemer and Picard have observed, that when the earth is between the sun and Jupiter, the eclipses of the latter's satellites happen earlier than they are marked in astronomical tables; but that when the earth is on the opposite side, and the sun between Jupiter and it, then the eclipses of the same satellites happen several minutes later, because then the light has the grand annual orb of the earth to traverse in this situation, which it had not in the others. This observation hath enabled them to affirm, that the light of the sun is no longer than between seven and eight minutes in darting through the three and thirty millions of leagues from it to the earth. However certain or disputable this assertion may be, relative to the light's velocity in passing through such an immensity of space, it is unquestionable that this communication is not made in an instant; but that its progressive motion, or advancing pressure, reacheth sooner the bodies that are near the sun, and later those that are far from it; whereas a close ranged series of twelve, or of an hundred globes, communicate the motion impressed thereon co-instantaneously; and therefore the light of Des Cartes is not the light of the world.

And now what we have said must appear sufficient to expose the inconveniencies to which that great man's system is liable. We may, however, with the ingenious Fontenelle, congratulate the age, which by producing Des Cartes, gave a fashionable vogue and reputation to a new manner of reasoning, that has since communicated all the scrupulous exactness of geometry to the other sciences. According to his very judicious remark, we must all be convinced of the danger attendant on giving precipitately into systems newly hatched, which the human mind, through a prevailing dislike for laborious researches, loves to pillow itself upon; because a doctrine of that sort being once established, proves a formidable antagonist to all the attacks of truth, to overturn its illegal and usurped authority.

To the above-mentioned remark he adds a very salutary advice, which is, in imitation of the many celebrated academies now flourishing in Europe, to begin by collecting materials, which in due time are to be connected into a system, instead of undertaking by some laws of mechanism to explain, in an unintelligible manner, Nature, and her amazing variety.

We know very well, that in the behalf of Des Cartes' system, some have alleged the experience of those general laws by which the Deity preserves the universe. The preservation of all beings, say they, is a continued creation; and as we conceive that preservation to be effected by general laws, may we not be allowed to have recourse to them for the better conceiving, in the form of a simple hypothesis, the miracle of creation and all its wonderful consequences?

Reasoning like this, is not less absurd than that which would insinuate, that the same mechanical agency, which with the aid of water, hay, and oats, can nourish a horse, can with them also make a stomach, and even the horse itself. It is true, indeed, that

if we carefully attend to the Deity's manner of governing the world, we shall therein observe a sublime uniformity. But then sage experience dictates to us not to multiply the modes of willing to the Deity, to make them tally with the various rencounters of bodies: for with one only act of volition he has regulated for all cases, in all ages, the movement and collision of bodies according to their respective masses, velocity, and elasticity; and the laws observed in these relations are, no doubt, a proper study for rational physics, because they can be rendered of great utility, when human prudence employs their exertion only in those operations that are submitted to its direction; as well as in executing several kinds of workmanship, of which man is acknowledged to be the subaltern creator.

But that our meaning may not be misinterpreted, we think it not improper to observe, that to create bodies, and to assign to them their proper places and functions, is one thing; but to preserve them therein, is another. There needs but an act of volition, or faithful execution of the general laws, to preserve every species in its special form, and to perpetuate the necessary vicissitudes in the well-digested oeconomy of the whole when once matter has been created. But when the business is to create, to regulate those special forms, to render the continuation of them certain and always the same, to establish a relationship between particulars, and an universal correspondence among the whole; then it would be necessary for the Deity to have as many plans, and special volitions, as there are different pieces, of which the great machine is composed.

Des Cartes wrote a short essay on the Passions in the year 1646, for the particular use of the princess Elizabeth. He sent it in manuscript to the queen of Sweden, towards the end of the year 1647. In compliance with the reiterated application made to him since by many of his friends, to let the public have a participation of so valuable a performance, he revised it in order to correct whatever faults the philosophical princess had remarked therein; then submitted it in this corrected state to Mr. Clerselier, who judged its doctrine to be too much above the general run of understandings; and that gentleman's opinion determined the author to throw in some additional and elucidating matter to render it comprehensible to all capacities. In Mr. Clerselier's advice he thought he heard that of the public, and the additions which he made in consequence, increased it a third part more in size.

He divided the work into three parts: in the first he treats of the passions in general, and occasionally of the nature of the soul, &c. in the second, he treats of the primitive passions; and in the third, of all the other. The many additions this author made in deference to Mr. Clerselier's advice, may perhaps have rendered his work more easy and more perspicuous than it had been before; but they have not deprived it of that chaste conciseness, and elegant simplicity of style for which this writer's productions are so remarkable.

It is not as an orator, or even as a moral philosopher, but as a physician, that he treated his subject, and acquitted himself in a manner so entirely new, that his work was universally preferred to any thing that had appeared upon the subject before the publication of his treatise.

In order to accurately deduce the passions, and to develop the different motions of the blood that are annexed to each passion, he found it necessary to say something of the animal's structure, and therefore preluded by unfolding the entire composition of the human frame. He explains how all the movements of our members, independent of the thinking faculty, may be performed without the soul's contributing thereto, by the mere power of the animal spirits and the disposition of our limbs, without the souls contributing thereto. He makes us at first to consider our body as a machine contrived by the hand of the ablest of all artificers, and whose various movements are like to those of a watch, or any other kind of automaton, where they are effectuated by the combined efforts of the different springs, and of the figure, as well as of the particular disposition of the wheels.

Having sufficiently displayed all that was necessary to be shewn concerning the body, he leads us to this obvious conclusion, that there is nothing in us specially appertaining to the soul but our thoughts, of which the passions are those that agitate it the most; and that one of the principal duties of philosophy is to teach us to attain a just knowledge of our passions, in order to moderate them and become their masters. Candour must own, that this treatise of Des Cartes is one of the most beautiful, as well the most useful of his works.

Never did any philosopher behave more respectfully in regard to the Deity than Des Cartes was wont to deport himself. He was always very reserved in his discourses concerning religion. He never spoke of the Deity but with the greatest circumspection, always with much discretion and good sense, accompanied with a noble and elevated manner in his expression. He was continually on his guard, lest he should let any thing escape, either in his writing or speaking, that might be thought derogatory from the respect due to religion. His delicacy in that article was extreme.

His pious indignation was always excited, on hearing the presumptuous rashness of some theologians, who had forsaken their guides the scripture, and the fathers, to stray into paths of which they were entirely ignorant: he blamed very much the arrogance of certain philosophers and mathematicians, who affected to be so peremptorily decisive in asserting, what the Deity can and cannot do. "Is it not monstrous," says he, "to speak thus of the Christian God, as if they were talking of a Jupiter, or a Saturn, and subjecting him to a Styx, and to destiny, which is the case, when they mention truths that are independent of him?"

(To be Continued.)



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## FOR THE REPOSITORY.

## WINTER.

Borne on the furious whirlwind's spreading  
pinions ;  
As through the boundless realms of space  
it rushes,  
And o'er the dwellings of astonish'd mortals,  
Winter approaches.

Hark ! hear you not his voice, the howling  
tempest,  
Proclaims his coming ; lo ! the cloud top'd  
mountains  
(Shook to the lowest bases) groan tremendous,  
The vallies echo,

With its hoarse clamors, while the leafless  
forests,  
By spring's soft breath no longer animated,  
Bend to the blast, and sigh beneath its fury,  
With snow o'erwhelm'd.

Now on the desert waste, sad, weather beaten,  
Shiv'ring with cold, appears the lonely trav'-  
ler,  
Seeking, but vainly, some kind friendly shed,  
Where he may find shelter.

Mournful, he gropes amidst the pitchy dark-  
ness,  
No moon, nor stars, afford their light to cheer  
him,  
To guide him through the dark and gloomy  
forests'

Intricate mazes.

Now wrapt in gloom, and now a light pur-  
suing  
Which fancy places in the illusive prospect ;  
Then leaves him wrapt again in tenfold  
darkness,  
And bitter anguish.

Pinched with the cutting wind, and driving  
snow, which  
Drifting thick 'round him, hides his devious  
pathway,  
Sadly he stops, bewilder'd, cold, despairing,  
Sleeps, nor e'er wakes more.

Ah ! haply he has friends, a wife and chil-  
dren,  
Who in some distant land are now imploring  
From heaven, a blessing on his head devoted,  
To endless slumbers.

Or, on his native shore they stand expectant,  
Eying the vessel in the distant prospect,  
(Bearing perhaps, their long expected sire)  
appearing  
Once more to bless them.

But he no more shall with a parent's trans-  
port,  
Enjoy the pleasure of the long wish'd meet-  
ing,  
His tender wife, his hapless smiling orphans,  
No more shall see him.  
Yet Hope shall still find numberless excuses,  
And fancy paint to their expectant vision,  
Causes innumerable to prevent his coming ;  
At last expiring.

No more shall prompt the oft repeated ques-  
tions  
" Where is my husband, where our tender  
father ?"  
Alas ! no more he shares our bitter anguish ;  
But rests in silence.

Perhaps beneath the knife of some fierce  
savage  
Who roams in secret through the trackless  
desert,  
Breathing destruction to his fellow creature,  
Our parent's fallen.

Perhaps the ruthless storm has overwhelm'd  
him,  
Perhaps the ocean in its fearful bosom  
Enwraps his form, and to our ardent pray-  
ers  
Sternly denies him.

Too true, lov'd partner of thy luckless hus-  
band !  
Too true, dear offspring of a fond affection !  
The wintry storm indeed has overwhelm'd  
him  
With its dire fury.

And when the snow by Phœbus' beams as-  
saulted,  
Shall roll in torrens down the rifted moun-  
tain,  
Sweeping the vallies with impetuous fury,  
Swelling the rivers.

Then shall the blasted corpse borne on the  
waters,  
Approach some shore where human beings,  
dwelling  
Behold the sad and mournful object passing,  
And sigh in pity.

Then sympathy shall prompt the last sad du-  
duty,  
Thy husband's corpse shall find a humble  
grave, and  
Some frail memorial mark the spot where  
slumbers  
The hapless stranger.

ALFRED.

## SELECTED.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

'Twas noon of night, when round the pole  
The sullen Bear is seen to roll ;  
And mortals, wearied with the day,  
Are slumbering all their cares away :  
An infant, at that dreary hour,  
Came weeping to my silent bower,  
And wak'd me with a piteous prayer,  
To save him from the midnight air !  
" And who art thou," I waking cry,  
" That bid'st my blissful visions fly ?"  
" O Gentle sire !" the infant said,  
" In pity take me to thy shed ;  
" Nor fear deceit : a lonely child  
" I wander o'er the gloomy wild.  
" Chill drops the rain, and not a ray  
" Illumes the drear and misty way !"  
I hear the baby's tale of woe ;  
I hear the bitter night-winds blow ;  
And sighing for his piteous fate,  
I trimm'd the lamp and op'd the gate.  
'Twas love ! the little wandering sprite,  
His pinion sparkled through the night !  
I knew him by his bow and dart ;  
I knew him by my fluttering heart !  
I take him in and fondly raise

The dying embers' cheering blaze ;  
Press from his dank and clinging hair  
The crystals of the freezing air,  
And in my hand and bosom hold  
His little fingers thrilling cold.  
And now the embers' genial ray  
Had warm'd his anxious fears away ;  
" I pray thee, said the wanton child,  
(My bosom trembled as he smil'd,)  
" I pray thee let me try my bow,  
" For through the rain I've wander'd so,  
" That much I fear, the ceaseless shower  
" Has injured its elastic power."  
The fatal bow the urchin drew ;  
Swift from the string the arrow flew ;  
Oh ! swift it flew as glancing flame,  
And to my very soul it came !  
" Fare thee well," I heard him say,  
As laughing wild he wing'd away ;  
" Fare thee well for now I know  
" The rain has not relax'd my bow ;  
" It still can send a maddening dart,  
" As thou shalt own with all thy heart !"

## STANZAS.

THREE rolling years at length are past  
Since last we met on yonder waste,  
And now, alas ! we've met at last.  
O my Eliza !  
No longer do I see you glow,  
No longer hear the ravish'd vow,  
That light'ned once this maddening brow.

Has sorrow then so altered me,  
Or absence so have changed thee,  
That I am doom'd no more to see  
My sweet Eliza  
Free as air, and gay as love,  
Yet pensive as the plaintive dove,  
That waits the day in yonder grove.

O never, never strive again  
To aggravate Love's fatal pain,  
Nor tear my beating heart in twain,  
O My Eliza  
With whispering vows you never meant,  
With kisses that you only lent,  
To cheat a youth by passion spent.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

*We have to acknowledge the favours of Z, and shall make use of every opportunity to publish reflections so replete with morality and good sense.*

*" A modest way of paying old debts," has some time since been consummated. We heartily coincide, however, with CLITUS, in wishing " plain dealing" to obtain the preference of chicane, in regard to all contracts.*

*Botanical treatises, shall always demand unequivocal satisfaction, if executed in a correct manner. To exhibit nothing but thorns where roses are expected, would be to create an unpleasant bower, and for this reason, GEORGUS may be indebted to us for suppressing his production.*

## ERRATUM.

*In our Last. The 40th page, 22d line from the top, for persecution, read persecutions ; same line, for traffic, read traffic ; 25th line, for wretches, read wretch ; 28th line, for settled, read steedled.*

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